



demigod



Marino said it is unfortunate, but not surprising, that Wheale's victims hadn't come forward sooner.

"This fellow, in my mind, is

attacker

dent lastened and angry

is accused of the brutal

This is a brutal and heinous crime that
can never be forgotten.

n and i need to be loved...just like
everybody else does."
-the smiths-



by Suzanne Valadon

"Humans will always be social creatures...We all want to feel loved, have friends, be respected by others and feel safe. That's the ideal state that everyone tries to attain. You're not alone...Take strength in that."

~dave
(my ever-enlightened friend)

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-the sm

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"i am

into learning self respect the hard way earth reflection school (college) sense of woman why i should be assexual a "real perker" bitch girl being a punkhardcore warrior woman surviving the ritual friction outro DEMIGOD summer

nola. Welcome to my latest endeavor of reflection. It's

i been awhile since i put out my last time... my life has changed abit since that time (last summer). i wont go

(Visit) road trip, followed by a September-June expedition.

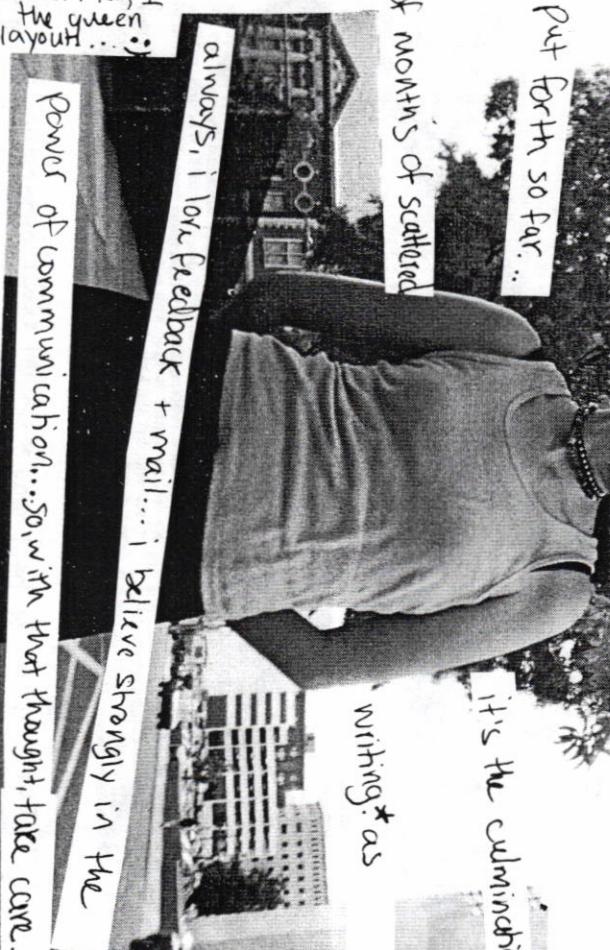
taking classes at college (Drexel in West Philadelphia), and

now I'm living in suburbia with September. This issue

of demigod is probably

Put forth so far

* months of scattered



Cover linoleum prints by anti riot. i ~~is~~ that rockin'

chical

inspired by "jars of vomit" by bread riot:
in my estimation, it might begin with that first real look into the mirror after being rated on a scale from one to ten by second-grade boys emulating something they were fed....

"mommy, it's time to go, the doctor's on the phone, and I can't hide the jars of vomit any longer. my hair is falling out in clumps, but this will make me beautiful, right? I don't know if I can take it too much longer, the dark circles under my eyes are drilling through my head... i'm yanking on my hair, drowning in my mirror..."

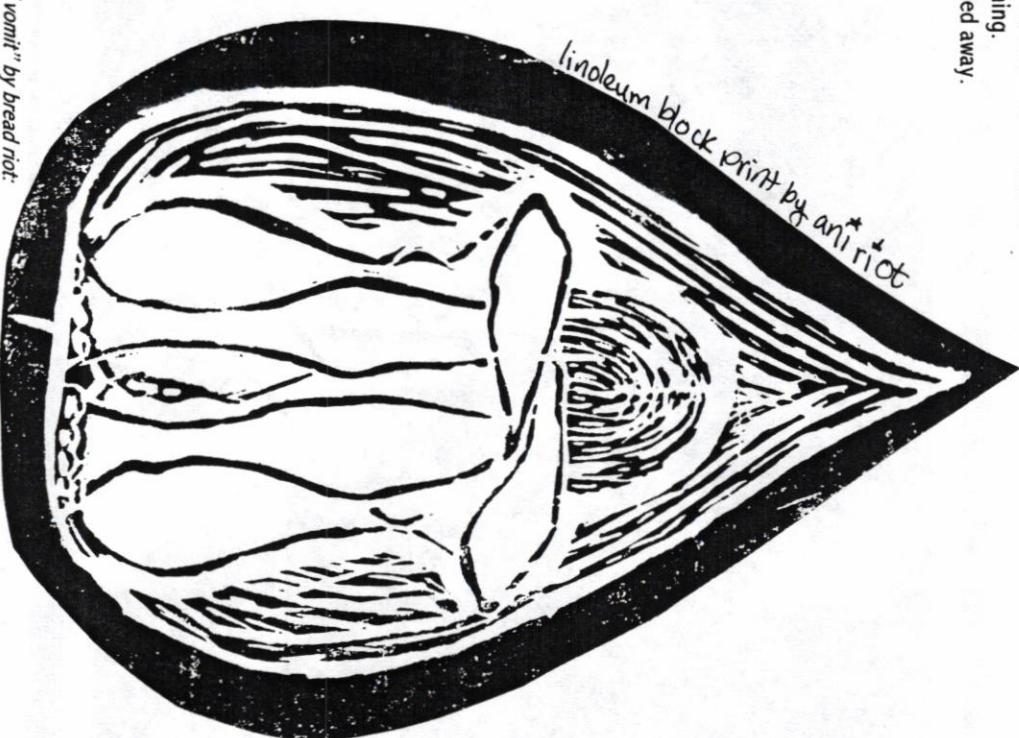
kneeling here, sweaty, choking up my soul...
everytime my body heaves, I let a piece of myself go

I clutched the edges of the toilet, going limp, feeling sore. I was parched and tired desiring solace. The release. The comfort of the ritual and my never-ending survival. I gagged gasped, clutched, crammed... waited...

I crammed my fingers down my throat, feeling the rape, knowing my resilience, waiting for the comfortable burning that would ensue and leave.

1...2...3

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A couple minutes passed. I squirmed uncomfortably.

"Myra, I think you might have what we refer to as an eating disorder," he finally stated softly.

"Huh?" I said, aloof.
"Well, you do have all the classic symptoms," he replied, eyeing my blistered index finger. I quickly tucked it under my knee. "It is nothing to be ashamed of and we can help you..."

"Help me? Help me what?" I was loosing my cool.
"Help you to obtain a positive mentality about your body... Right now, you are considerably overweight for a girl your size. Given time, this will lead to health complications and risks..."

"There is nothing wrong with me, doctor."

"Myra, with help, we can restore your life to the way it was and..."

"I don't want my life the way it fucking was!" I exclaimed sharply.

I stood up and clutched the corner of the examining table for support.

"There... is... nothing... wrong... with... me," I said slowly. "I am fine."

"Myra, many people confront this! Many people overcome this! If you work with me, we can beat this... Many people overcome this and live..."

"And what about the ones who don't, huh? They fucking die, right?! I don't need your help, doctor. I don't know why my mother drags me here..." I lumbered towards the door.

"Doctor Schuly? Doctor Schuly? Is she giving you problems in there?" she called

The doctor opened the door. My mother, Clyde, and two nurses stood there together.
"Mrs. Cullin, may I have a word with you?" the doctor asked.

"Certainly."

Clyde grabbed my arm before I could take off down the hall and dragged me to the waiting room. We sat there some time and I stared at the tacky sunset painting on the wall.
My mother emerged finally, her eyes puffy. She looked directly at me.

"We're going home," she said hoarsely. "And you're packing your bags..."

"Why?" I asked.

"You are going to a clinic."
"Is it okay if I take a shower before I go? I never had a chance to today and I might not be able to at...there..." I trailed off imploringly, turning innocent wide eyes to my mother. We stood awkwardly in the foyer of the house.

"Well, I suppose so," she said, glancing at her watch. "Make it quick."

"Okay, I'll be ready soon," I replied, bolting up the stairs. I figured resistance would be futile at that point.
"Remember to pack for... for a few days and nights. I don't know how long you'll be there," she called after me.
I ran into the bathroom and stripped off my clothes, feeling a joy run through my body. I looked at the door. I turned on the shower and water sputtered out, making considerable noise. Humming to myself, I stared at my naked body in the mirror.

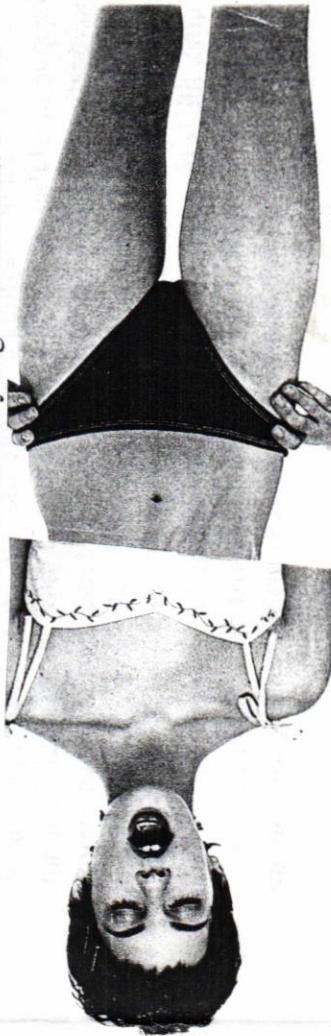
"Fat," I whispered, pinching a bit of my stomach.
I knelt in front of the toilet, assuming my position of power, straddling its body with my knees. Clutching onto the edge, I felt the push, the surge, the pure fucking control of myself, the world, the whole miserable existence on earth.

1...2...3.

My body jerked with every gag, the empty wretches, digging deeper. I knew there was nothing inside but I wanted this one last attempt at salvation.

learning self-respect the hard way.

recalling the time, the way things came together and undone in a mere matter of a couple of hours, makes me wanna vomit. laying on the fabric-covered couch, adolescent body, long brown hair, ragged nine inch nails t-shirt. i remember the song which started it all, the way the music wrapped itself around me, being carried away by memories i had from being a little girl. a suggestive silence had filled the room, and i looked to the other side of the couch, towards him, the guy who had written me letters of admiration from england, telling me i was beautiful during a time when all i seemed to get was used. i saved him, never letting our relations cross over the boundaries of friendship, knowing he would return to england at the end of the summer and i would wish him off with a curt kiss. the letters he wrote... full of his life in england and sweetly saying he missed me and wanted me to come live with him in england. i sat on the couch, remembering, sipping the peroxide-tasting glass of gin he had poured me with the naivete of a 15-year-old-girl. up until then, we'd been talking. he told me he wanted me to go to england with him, to travel the country side, and that we would eventually "make babies" together. all of it together. i entertained the thought, not sure i wanted to kill our friendship. he was the guy i held in high esteem, the guy who wasn't a guy, the boy who respected and cared for me. i tried to look cool, wiping sweat from my face, as he slowly moved towards me. he always told me i had beautiful hips, the same hips that made me "fat" in elementary school. he said i had beautiful blues eyes, eyes like the sky. i expected the world and then some from that boy who wrote to me from overseas, sent me mix tapes and promises. he made me feel a sliver of self-worth in a time when i did not demand respect for my body. he and i shared so many things as friends: laughter, a sleeping bag, thoughts, hopes. so when we ran out of words and i felt him press against me, everything a little fuzzy from the alcohol, i wanted to wrap him around me. i think about how naive i was, how much i felt when we were finally together like that. i



nothing inside but I wanted this one last attempt at salvation.

remember small details; my brown hair tangled around my face, the white sheets on the bed. I felt insecure about sharing myself and all my imperfections in bare skin, but he seemed to respect me, telling me I was beautiful and how much he cared. afterwards, we were both a little awkward. he walked me to my orthodontist's appointment and we gave each other a long, lingering kiss good-bye. I expected so much and felt exhilarated as I walked away, turning around to see him jogging up the hill, back towards his house. I was still optimistic when he broke plans with me the next day. I remained optimistic as days went by without him calling. I left messages on his machine, just thinking he must have been busy with something. it was only after a couple weeks went by and he had made no effort to contact me that I finally accepted the truth. the only time I had talked to him, he was full of excuses.

I guess the point of this whole narration is that at some point after I realized I had been essentially used by someone I trusted (or at least I will assume that until he makes the effort to clarify), I began to understand that I must demand respect for my body and self and quit being so naive. I was vulnerable; he validated me as a beautiful and smart person who he felt was worthy of his time, and so I groveled at his feet. It took me awhile to make this realization, and in that time, I was in several other bad situations with guys. At one point, I was nearly raped. I put myself in a situation with a guy whose name I couldn't even remember where I could have been violated, begging him to stop, threatening to scream. It is sad that the world must operate this way, that sexual relations are still viewed as conquests, however elaborate or spontaneous as they might be. There is no assurance that someone will yield to your "NO", no matter how strong or unassured it is. That is why the key to end a lot of suffering is self-reliance. I do not always practice this, but try to. You must realize people are capable of hurting you in ways you'd never imagine, physically and emotionally. You must brace yourself for the best and the worst. I am not saying never take risks; instead, I am suggesting to keep in mind that respect for your body and mind is essential. I am not advocating celibacy or monogamy, but, instead, a comfort with your decisions. And sometimes, no matter what you do, you will be violated. But it is better to attempt to respect yourself and demand others do the same. Life is trial and error and that doesn't make an exception for sexual relationships/emotional relationships. Just do what you feel is right for you and never be afraid to assert yourself. Never think you are worth nothing.

"We made you a doctor's appointment with Doctor Schuyler for this afternoon," my mother said firmly. "We will drive you there then. So get out of bed and get ready. You have ten minutes."

I sighed in resignation as they left my room.

I sat in the back seat of the car on the way to the doctor's office. It was pouring rain and the wipers were barely clearing the windshield. Clyde intermittently cursed the weather and fumbled through radio stations. He liked to listen to the God channel. I hated this tendency.

"Are you suggesting that it would be a good idea for me to find counseling for my son?" a woman who called into the Christian talk show was asking.

"Many spiritual psychologists exist who will give your son the guidance he needs. Homosexuals choose to live a life condemned by God, but with the proper counseling..."

"WILL YOU PLEASE TURN THIS?" I exploded from the back seat.

"Now, Myra, you know your father," my mother began.

"He is not my father," I said icily as I always did when she made that mistake. "You know Clyde likes to listen to this channel. And since he is concerned enough to go to the doctor's with us, you should let him listen to what he wants," she finished, frowning at me.

I sighed, settling into the corner of the back seat. Clyde always came to my doctor's appointments. I had a few theories why. He was probably paranoid I would tell someone after all these years. I might have, but fat chance anyone would have believed me. They all perceived me as insane.

Rain drops splattered on the window besides me. Little beads of water congregated and steadily made their way downward. I felt a tear escape my eye.

"So... what seems to be the problem?"

The doctor, my mother, and I were seated in a triangular configuration, with me up on the examining table. He peered over the rims of his eyeglasses at me as if that might give him additional insight. I glared at my mother.

"Well... well... Myra here seems to be sleeping too much lately," she told him nervously. "And Clyde and I have noticed she spends a lot of time alone... She used to have all these friends, but, well..." She glanced at me.

"I'm just tired," I snapped.

"Well, we know that honey... but... Anyway, she seems to have lost a lot of weight. A lot. She doesn't eat right, if at all. At least in front of me... It hasn't gotten any better since the last time we were here..."

"I see." The doctor noted what my mother described on a piece of paper. I decided to remain silent.

"Myra, have you had any problems with your vision, or numbness in your hands and/or feet?" he asked.

"No, should I have?" I replied, sultry.

The room was silent for a moment.

"Well, Mrs. Cullin, your daughter's blood work had all come back normal, with the exception of some nutrient deficiencies... which she has been medicated for... She does seem to have lost a considerable amount of weight for a two-month period, which is how long its been since we saw her last," he commented.

"Yes, I know," my mother agreed.

"Would you mind leaving the room for a few minutes, Mrs. Cullin?" he asked suddenly.

"Absolutely not." My mother smoothly exited the room, leaving me to face the doctor.

"Myra... Myra... wake up, sweetie... I'm home. I'm name now, cure little girl, the voice drawled from above me somewhere. The voice accompanied by the stale and sickly sour warm breath of alcohol and cigars.

"Wake up, little girl."

"Shaking me, trying to pry away my teddy bear."

"I woke up and instinctively curled into a little ball as I always did."

"Daddy's home," he whispered, chuckling.

I always wanted to scream that he wasn't my father, but a lousy man my mother had married.

"You sweet little virgin, you... Why don't you give me a kiss, Myra?" he asked, drawing my face close to his.

I clenched my jaw as he rubbed his prickly cheek against my mouth. He would pronounce my name wrong, calling me "Mirror" when he was drunk.

"I'm... I'm really tired," I would whisper, pleading for him to stop. I was barely eleven. I never had a father. I didn't know what real fathers did... So I never screamed when he took his hands and ran them all over my body. I never made a noise when his tongue slivered all over, making me ashamed. I touched him where and when he asked to be touched. I didn't think it was right. I was scared, praying for it to be over.
"I love you, baby girl. Daddy loves you."

It happened many times.

He had stopped eventually. I never knew why. And I never said a word to anyone. I let it go for too long. I didn't realize how wrong it was until much later on. But I still never told anyone, not even the closest of friends. What killed me was that I still had to live with the sick fuck. My mother probably had suspected something. He was always going out to bars and must have been sliding into bed with her at all hours of the morning. But he was educated, a lawyer, a title that gave her some semblance of security. He was always good to her. Plus, she had two kids with him and wanted to be a picture-perfect family, complete with a nurturing father. Something she had never achieved with me and the sack of drug-addicted shit my biological father was.

The next morning I was awakened by being gently shaken. I screamed. People waking me frightened me. I would not open my eyes until they identified themselves. My mother was impatient with this seemingly irrational fear.

"Myra, Myra, wake up. It's me, your mother."

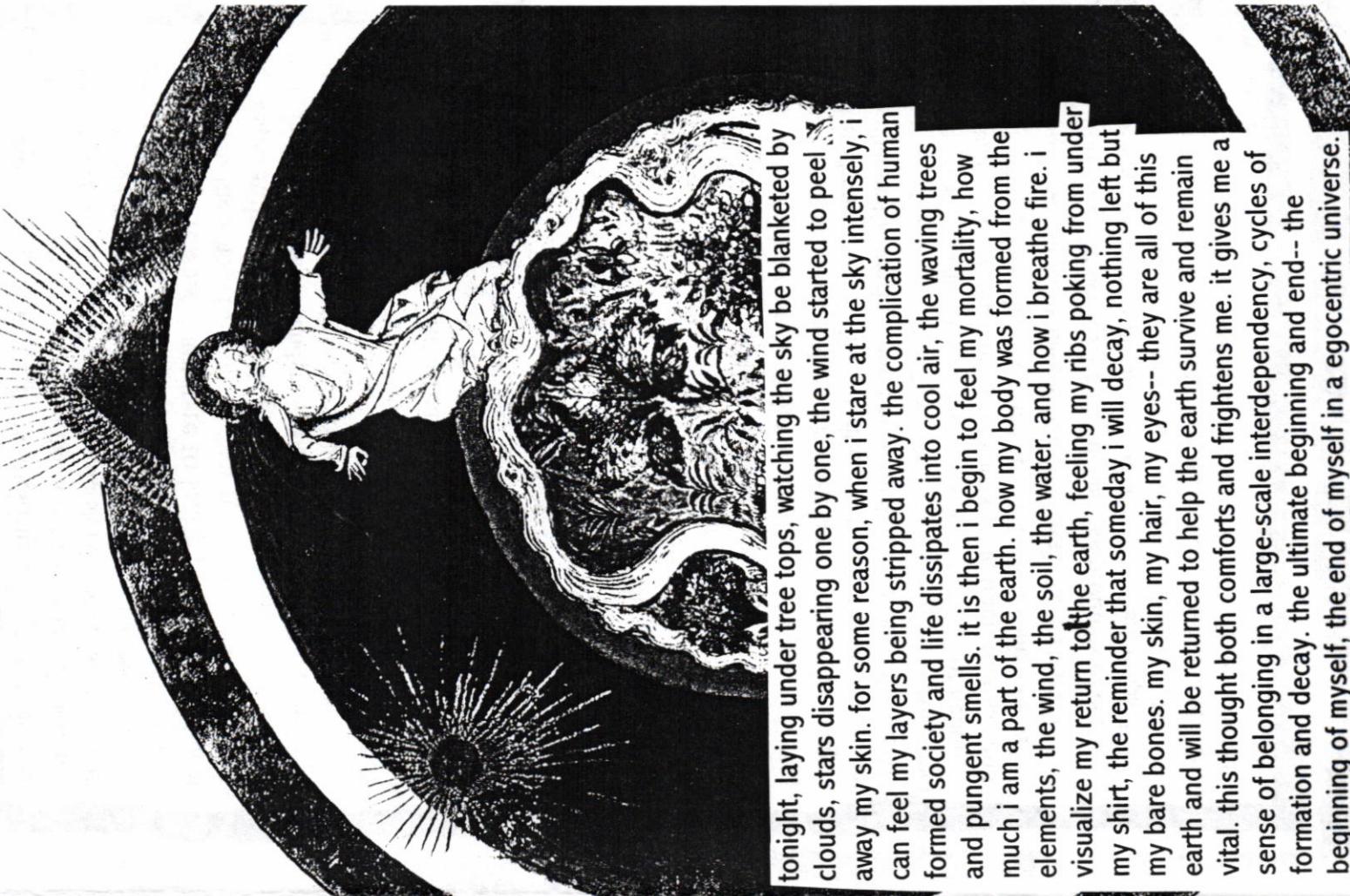
I opened my eyes and stopped thrashing as she jumbled into focus. Clyde, the scumbag, stood behind her, staring at me with his cold, porcelain eyes.
"How are you feeling?" she asked gently.

"Fine," I answered curtly, wondering what this was all about. She exchanged a knowing look with Clyde.
"Honey... we're noticed... that, well... you don't look so well lately..." she began.
That was me, the pride of the family.

"Why? I think I'm fine," I snapped.
"Well, it's just that you have..." she continued, pausing. "You have gotten very thin. And we're worried about you not eating."

"Don't worry about me. I'm fine," I repeated.

"Honey, you're really not. Did you even realize you had school today?" she asked.
"I don't have school today. It's Saturday," I said, laughing.
"No, Myra... today's Friday..." she trailed off gently.
"You never attend school anymore, Myra," Clyde commented. "You are not going to receive your diploma. We don't have room for delinquents in this house."



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school. school. school] this place is sucking a huge hole in me.

but i think i don't want to leave it. i like it at times; the satisfaction of understanding something difficult to understand, the exasperation of feeling lost in more ways then just the knowledge... the people i interact with everyday, so many so different from myself, here for entirely different reasons. i am here to learn. i hate to say it, but at times it feels the school i go to is nothing more then a diploma factory, kids desperately cheating for good grades and acceptance. it's not supposed to be about understanding things-- even my chemistry lecturer has said that. yet i want it to be, i want it to be about applications of what i have learned, being able to use these trite facts i have crammed my head with again and again, reap something from the stress i feel: college. it's this dream... this idea of a flow chart for life, following the path. it's hard to break away. i don't know if i even want to. whether this is education or just brain diversion is up to debate. i came here really not sure what to expect, half thinking i would run away someplace crazy after my first term. but i am too grounded for that kind of thing. i always have been; i don't know if i always will be. when i think of the possibilities of change, of working with the environment, of writing-- it all seems worth it. but what i want to do also seems really far away in this oppressive

world of syllabi, hours of lab, and lectures where i fight to keep my head from clunking on the desk in front of me. i have found ways to amuse myself here. but it also feels i am moving scarily far away from what i know... what i like... writing. but i don't know how i can write to change the world. i don't even think i can change the world. i can talk to people and write things once i am learned in environmental science and maybe i will change things a little. my works of fiction about teenage girls having bloody miscarriages in train stations don't exactly have a huge revolutionary impact on anyone's life. but will i post-school? i see so many people that SCARE the LIVING

FUCK outta me; the herded, happy, delusional products of college working for some huge corporation, nothing more then gimps. it makes me wonder how i can best resist that. i also seem to self-educate myself more then anything. i read alot of non-fiction for an 18 year old kid. i don't know about all this school stuff. i'll see where i am next year.

SURVIVING the RITUAL (fiction)

I kneeled over, head down, knees sore, a light from behind and above me shining down to give an accurate and murky portrayal of my face in the still water of the toilet. I had tied my stringy brown hair back into a ponytail and sucked in my cheeks, playing with the different possibilities of my face. I could be as loud as i wanted; no one was in the house besides me. The hard, cold ceramic tiles made ridged impressions in my knees. I sat back. Looking around the bathroom, I got up and closed the door, feeling the detached self-determination which always accompanied the ritual. I resumed my position of power above the toilet, contemplating my reflection some more, and leaned back, breathing deeply.

The warm, acidic fluid rushed up and poured and burned from my facial orifice. The vomit hit the toilet, sounding like a sharp slap. The smell, the release. Again and again... 1... 2... 3... 1... 2... 3. After I was to the point of dry retching coughs, I laid back, satisfied. I stood up, flushed the toilet, shaking. I didn't need what they all needed.

I stumbled back to my bedroom, feeling a little dizzy, and sprawled on the floor in the middle of my bedroom. The poison was out of me and I looked at my body, admiring the way it trembled. Its great resilience. But I knew a lot of poison still remained, the ugly stuff that clung to my bones and made me horrid.

As a little girl, I liked to dress up. I had conviction that anyone was beautiful given the right conditions. My mother fed my obsession of tutu's, glittery make-up, and fake beauty pageant crowns, seeing me as the average little girl. I would put on my elaborate costumes and strut around the house listening to Cyndi Lauper, very little interfering with my beauty.

For a five-year-old, I had remarkable talent to steadily put on make-up. I would coat my skin with few flaws. I always begged my mother to allow me to go to school dressed up, but she did not tolerate my beauty in public. So I was a beauty-queen confined to a 6th-story apartment. Sometimes she would let me put on shows out on the balcony. I would dance and sing and hope people would look up and see me. Few people did, so I guess that was why my mother allowed it. That was when it was still just the two of us.

"You should sit up straight, Myra," she told me one day as she was brushing my hair. "And suck in your cheeks. And your stomach. That's what real beauty queens do; they restrain themselves... it's all about control."

Everything is about control.

A few minutes later, I felt incredibly tired and I decided to get ready for bed. I went back to the bathroom, reassuring myself I had flushed the toilet, and changed into my pajamas. I scrubbed my face, which mostly consisted of dry skin, and brushed my teeth to get rid of the vomit-smell. After I was finished, I stepped back, admonishing my reflection. I sucked in my cheeks and smiled at myself for some time, until I began to feel disjointed from my body. I snapped out of it, jolted back into the embodiment of myself and felt the dissatisfaction I always felt when faced with my reflection.

I tiptoed down the hallway towards my room, hearing someone enter downstairs. When I got there, I shut off all the lights and slipped into bed. Sinking deeper underneath my blankets, my hair flooded my pillow and pooled around my face. I felt the vulnerability I always confronted when in a dark room alone. It stemmed from when I was younger and my bedroom had been customized into its own personal torture dungeon. I fell asleep...

baking
shit
up...
*Impress your
money with your
Gourmet
Baking*

vegan key lime pie

(note: this shit is good)

first, make the crust...

1 cup flour
1/3 cup + 1 tablespoon of veggie shortening
2-3 tablespoons water (cold)

for the crust, dump the flour and shortening into a bowl. cut the shortening into the flour. add the water one tablespoon at a time and mash it all together into a ball of dough. (don't be afraid to use your hands!) roll out the dough in a well-floured area until it's bigger than the pan (which should be an 8" pie pan, by the way). scrape it up, put it in the pan, poke the sides and bottom with a fork, and bake at 475 for under 10 minutes.

then make the yummy filling...

put the following into a blender:

1/4 cup fresh-squeezed lime juice
you will need 3-4 fresh limes. squeeze the juice right out of 'em.
3/4-1 cup of sweetener (i.e. succhanot)
2 1/2 cups of soy milk
(vanilla soy dream works well)
5 tablespoons corn starch
a drop of green food coloring (opt.)
grated lime peels (opt.)

blend all the ingredients together on the whip setting. dump the goo into a medium-sized sauce pan and cook it on a moderate heat, stirring constantly. continue stirring until the mixture thickens. remove from heat, dump it in the baked pie shell, and refrigerate. you can garnish it with whatever your heart desires.

(inspired by the PETA cookbook and Betty Crocker)

sense of feeling, sense of woman
the faces surrounding me are straight

from a magazine...

billboard faces, smiling.

billboard faces, unrevealing

to the dead inside.

i am encompassed by their loud silence
**you are supposed to be the ones
who are different**

yet your faces are precise works of art.

as i observe, i am filled with insecurities;

**i feel plain, natural, self
my face, my exterior**

i deny any significance

yet i notice where stray eyes gaze--

i feel naked when i smile.

i am supposed to be a lesbian, or at least asexual...

boys frustrate me so much. i love them when they're my friends, hate them when they rape and objectify women, and feel indifferent about their gender when they're neither of the above. boys are great when they are my friends. we have fun. we laugh. i talk to them about girls. i go through all the motions that friends do and i don't feel gender impedes me from loving them. but i think deep down inside, i have a problem with being totally codependent on a guy, as in one i'm involved in a relationship with. and i can't figure out whether it's cuz it's a guy or if i'd be that way if i was with a girl, too. i seem to fall into these abusive ruts... "boyfriends" get close to me and my last defense is to build up a wall. i could excuse my behavior by citing all the times i've been hurt, all the times i've been fucked with by guys. but sometimes i think it runs much deeper: i think it could be a control issue. like, if i can control or influence the guy i'm with, it shows me he cares about what i think and must care (in some way) about losing me. i fear loss. i hate end. i've always held a archetypical fear of death, farewells, and parting. i don't view parting as sweet sorrow. i view it as a shitty end, no matter how good it was or what preceded it. i used to cry my eyes out when i said good-bye to relatives when i was little. i still cry sometimes when forced to say good-bye. i think i have a fear of abandonment.

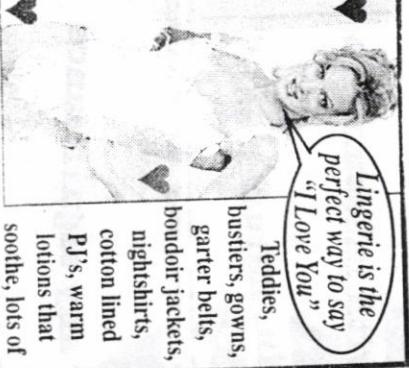
(i'm talking when they were first together) were always brutal... Bodies would be flying everywhere and you'd literally have to dodge them. Once at an Ink and Dagger show, my sister and I were pinned and slammed repeatedly against the wall by this gigantic monster bastard who expressed himself by running back and forth across the room in a packed place. Another time, at a more corporate show, I got my nose broken for making the mistake of wandering up front. A guy kicked me in the face. I'm not as scared of flying fists, but think about the physics of dancing. Most guys are much bigger than girls. So if a guy rushes at a girl and weighs in at 240 pounds and she weighs like 115 pounds (since skinny females are the fashion - but I won't even go there), she's gonna go flying. So please, guys, have a little more respect for girls and don't relegate them to the back of the room. Or try having the pit towards the back for a change.

I know in writing this, I seem more jaded than I actually am. Experience is what has shaped me to feel what I feel now. That is why I illuminate examples from my life. And, it's true that experience is a matter of personal interpretation. But the feelings I share have sculpted the assertive woman I am now. I am not afraid to say no to things I disagree with. I will make my voice heard; calling me a bitch only makes me think I am doing something right. Sometimes I think this gender-inequity issue is too big to attack and think this shit will perpetuate forever. But sometimes I really believe in the power of saying no to things I hate, in communication, and love. Break free, don't let this warped culture kill female minds. Realize your strength and beauty. Resist psychic death.

(this is a rant i sent to "heartattack". i hope they printed it.)



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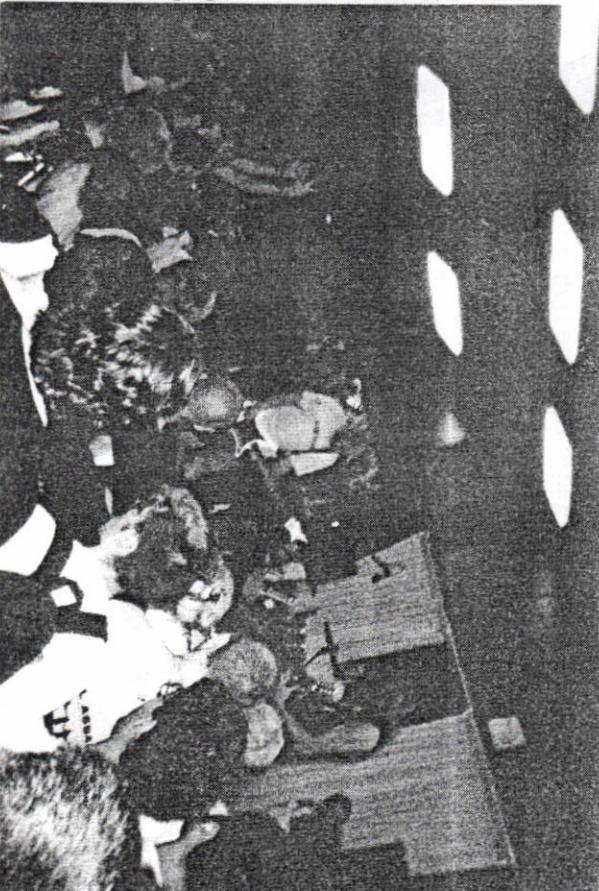
Lingerie is the
perfect way to say
"I Love You"

Teedies,
busiers, gowns,
garter belts,
boudoir jackets,
nightshirts,
cotton lined
PJ's, warm
lotions that
soothe, lots of

toys and games to amuse! Men's
teddys, thongs, boxer shorts!

*Valentine's Annual
MENS NIGHT!*

DROP DEAD @ NJ HARDCORE FEST



A night that remains clear to me is when I was in New Jersey a couple of years ago seeing some bands whose names I will allow to remain unsaid. It was a relatively large show, yet few girls were present. I felt a little uncomfortable most of the show, having been left by my accomplice for the boy posse. As I stood in anticipation of a band setting up, their bassist began to crack jokes which I couldn't hear at first... Then I heard parts of what he was saying and why all the guys around me were laughing. "Yo, (insert name), tell them about...(stuff I couldn't understand)" ... "Yeah, it's kinda like all the wet bitches I fucked on my last tour..." (lots of laughter) "Aww. Yeah Pussy." (or something like that). I felt nauseated all of the sudden, like all my fears were true. A few of the other girls in the room looked uncomfortable, but worse, some were laughing. It made me feel like shit. It was a joke. I think it hit too close to home, I ran out, and I spent the rest of the night wandering around this desolate New Jersey town, fairly upset. Incidents like this are fairly common in the scene. Gross exploitation under the guise of jokes... and maybe they are jokes. But joking around about things that are very much reality can be disturbing. I read hate in 'zines, hear it at shows, feel it. It's all a joke. It's a 'zine with a story about killing a girl and fucking her is a joke. Going to see a band because they have a hot female singer is just a joke... It's all a joke. If it's all a joke, why does it happen, too? It's not a joke.

I formed a band with three female friends that lasted off and on for a couple of years. We played a fair amount of shows around where we lived and kept going, despite all the criticism. You know, we were girls, we had instruments, I refused to do some lame-wannabe guy voice and sang with the intent to break windows... so we were automatically termed riot grrrl, what has always been a really negative term in the scene. In fact, I was afraid to wear my Bikini Kill shirt to shows for a long time. Guys would actually take me less seriously and perceive me as some lunatic, "man-hating feminazi barbie-killer". (Whatever the fuck that is. There are so many women-hating fuckfaces.) I think my band got a few shows on the basis that mostly teenage guys set up shows (we tried, but had no success), and they thought that my sister, the bass player, was hot. I think we were nothing more than that to many of the people we played for. We had things to say and we wanted to express them. Plenty of girls loved us for speaking out and playing, but not enough of our sisters have joined us. I am currently working to reform another band with two of the members of my old band.

sometimes i think guys just don't operate on the same plane as girls... i mean, we are governed by different hormones. our rhythms are different. society regards us differently. i am the type of person who can almost be anally considerate of people around me (except when i get upset-- then i demand attention). when i am in a relationship, i have certain expectations that i would like fulfilled. when they fail to be fulfilled, i grow frustrated, irrational and insecure. i get like that alot. i just think certain things will never occur to most, if not all, guys. it's just not in their nature.

so why am i always the irrational crazed one in relationships that seems to invent problems? are there problems or are my expectations just unrealistic? i am always the one who bitches over the answering machine. maybe i am abusive. or maybe i'm just human. i believe strongly in giving, taking, and expecting. i don't believe in people who constantly let me down.

love is such a precarious thing. there's this great quote in gas, food, lodging, this movie i totally love. in it, a daughter who has been fighting to fix her divorced mother up with men screams at her, "You hate men! You just hate them, don't you?" it's hard to format yourself. gender differences are magnified tenfold in a relationship. any differences are. insecurities result in irrational behavior and it's hard to tell where things have plummeted out of control. once you've been hurt, the memory leaves a permanent taste of pain. i'm such a control freak.



Slicing Knife...

A final issue I'd like to address is the consistent physical structure of certain types of shows. If you stand up front, you will likely go home injured... I don't weigh 300 pounds and am not a former football player. So when a huge guy dove on me, not once, but twice, at the New Jersey hardcore fest during Crudos, I thought it was all over. I think I was the only girl up front and had trophy bruises for a month afterwards. Ink and Dagger shows

A real porker

(brought to you by the ~~awful~~-wonderful associated press)



AP photo

pounds and required 14 men to lift it.

Competitors in a temple-sponsored pig-raising contest roll over their winning entry prior to slaughe-

terine in a suburb of Taiping, Taiwan, on Sunday. The pig's owners claimed the boar weighed 2,114

fact that I did not have sex until a few years later. Friends of mine would convince me it was my obligation to hook up with guys, so I usually ended up on some guys lap, or worse, jerking off some guy whose name I barely recalled. I had incredibly low self-esteem for many of my teenage years, which led me to nearly being raped, and that's when I finally drew the line. I quit my lifestyle around the age of 16, which had previously included smoking a lot of weed, being a bad-ass, and basically hooking up with any guy who looked at me. I also had many clashes with male authority throughout school, recognizing their differential treatment of female students. Those are just a few examples of what shook me from ever believing in a gender-equal society.

My initiation into hardcore/punk came through a few core bands that definitely show how I related. Bikini Kill, Babes In Toyland, Fugazi, Bratmobile, Frail, and Heavens to Betsy were some of the first bands I got into. Finally, music I could relate to. Music I could sit in my room, angry, or crying to, after having been thrown at a wall by my father. Like many girls, I started going to hardcore shows because of my current boyfriend and another really close male friend. I was slowly assimilated into the scene or whatever, and appreciated a lot of the politics, although now I am more into anarcho-punk and metal type stuff because there were many issues in the semi-political hardcore scene that I couldn't deal with.

I think one of the biggest problems with the scene or whatever is that if you are initiated into hardcore or punk as someone's girlfriend it is incredibly difficult to make an identity for yourself. There are so many girlfriends in the hardcore scene. The "hun, will you hold my glasses while I dance?" mentality. It's weird when you're at a show and you realize you're one of three girls (and the other two are glaring at you). Of course, when I was first into hardcore, I went to a very limited genre of shows. There was a really tight closed scene in philly around that time (at least to me). Plus, I was much younger than everyone there, and, a girl.

The thing about hardcore/punk is that a much more subtle form of sexism prevails. In our liberated anti-racist, -classist, -sexist, -elitist, -homophobia scene, we fail to realize the difficulty of defying the microcosm of society that we are produced from. It is very difficult to feel you are a revolutionary, or just some kid who loves to dance at shows, and yet be comparable to a mainstream culture. Our wounds are deep. Systemic brainwash begins at a young age. It is hard to dig through layers and throw out programmed prejudice-- specifically, sexism.

REASON #5,086,001 WHY I HATE HUMANS

"I look at her hips.. they are so nice and wide. I'd like to fuck her. She'd probably be a good lay... She's so pretty... and she'll be great when she has kids, with those great, wide hips..."

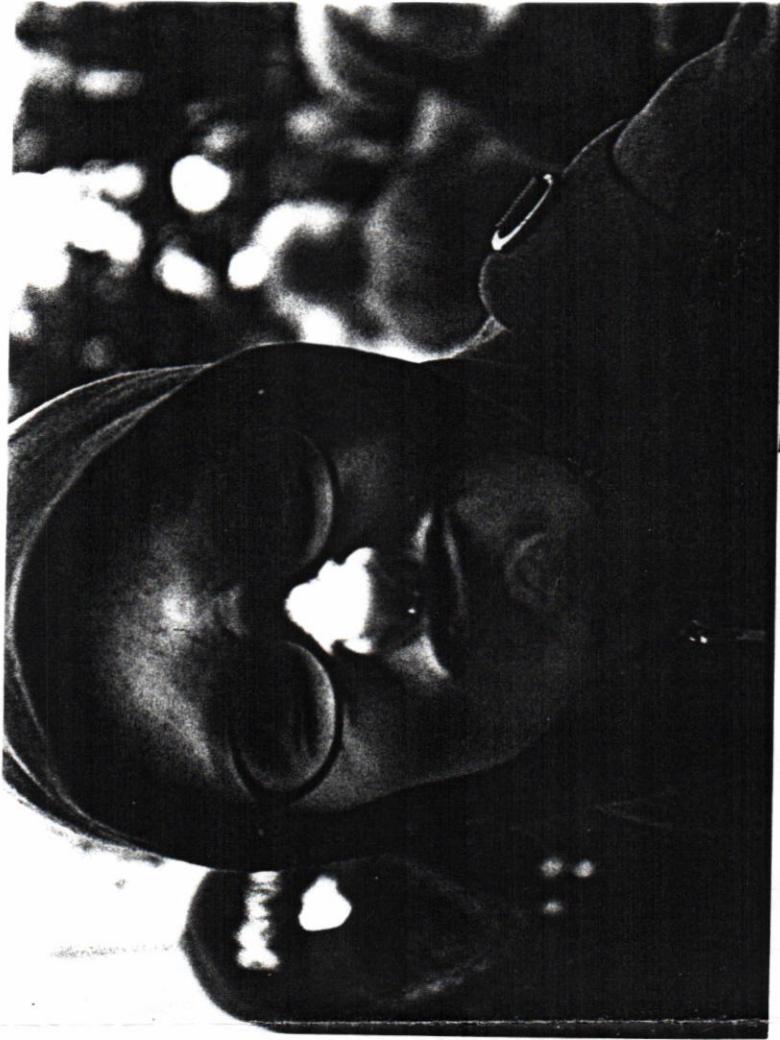
WHEN PEOPLE CALL ME A

(MEN)

Looking down at this body, my tits, my cunt, my wide hips, I realize my definition as a woman by physical gender. And, of course, I am mentally a woman, too. My mind is influenced by my hormones that make me think and feel female, my eyes see the way a woman does. I am basically content with the way I look. Yet this body, this body which functions to house me, this body that is relatively healthy and allows my motion, my expression, is sometimes reduced to nothing more than something that can be dominated and fucked by some people, namely men.

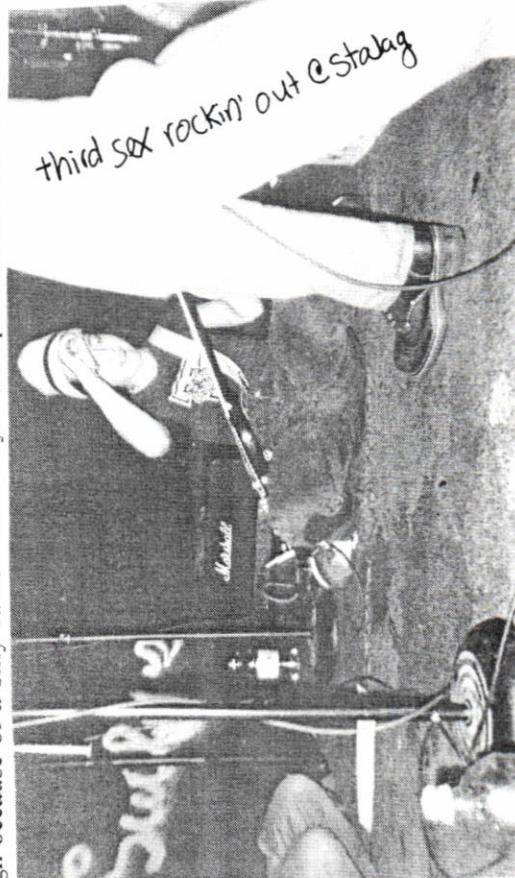
I don't know about men... I don't like to gender-stereotype. Many of my friends are male, though they all seem to transcend cultural standards. I don't hate men; I hate stereotypical male behavior. I hate the standard many men succumb to, the "nice tits, nice ass, baby..." I hate feeling fear in going certain places alone, the burning of staring eyes. And I hate feeling weak because I am not.

I wasn't always a feminist and didn't always care so much about the placement of women in mainstream culture. I think much of what shaped me were a series of self-realizations that occurred over time. Experience shapes women. Experience such as being told I was dumb, stupid, ugly, and annoying by my father, following him around as a little girl but never quite gaining his approval. He would yell at me and spank me for little or no reason. I would cry for hours, hide under my bed. In elementary school, guys called me a stupid fat bitch, among other things, because I was one of those brainy types who always had perfect grades. I was labeled a slut in junior high because of a silly rumor an ex-boyfriend spread about me, despite the



BITCH

I TAKE IT AS A COMPLIMENT
(It means I'm doing something right...)



Women Should Not Be Afraid of Veganism

Being vegan is healthy for anyone (male or female) who is considerate of their intake of food, nutrients, etc. But women have been especially misled to think that they need to drink milk in order to fend off osteoporosis (condition leading to loss in bone density and easy breakage of bones) and that going vegan would be incredibly unhealthy. This disputable misconception is a fatal one, causing lives to breast cancer and other illness every year.

In fact, milk consumption does not seem to have any kind of preventative value for osteoporosis. In countries where little or no dairy products are consumed, less incidences of osteoporosis actually occur. Eating diets including animal protein and high amounts of salt can actually lead to calcium loss. Studies of pre-menopausal women have shown that calcium intake has little relative effect on bone density. Things that do have an effect on healthy bones are: hormones, phosphorous, boron, exercise, smoking, alcohol, and drugs.

What modern milk production does foster is breast cancer. Recombinant Bovine Growth Hormone (rBGH) is used in the dairy industry to spur the production of more milk by cows. Unhealthy for both cows and humans, one of the most significant results of the use of rBGH is probably its increased stimulation of another hormone, Insulin-Like Growth Factor-1 (IGF-1). IGF-1 occurs naturally in the milk of both cows and humans, where it affects cell growth and the quick growth of infants. The IGF-1 hormone already exists in the human body, but is bound to protein, unlike the unbound IGF-1 found in cow's milk. When IGF-1 is consumed by human non-infants (i.e. you!), it acts as a cancer accelerator because it promotes unchecked cell division. (note: cancer is uncontrolled cell division). IGF-1 has been associated with breast cancer (also prostate and colon cancer).

Ways to really prevent osteoporosis are:

- * avoid a diet conducive to calcium loss (too much salt, alcohol, protein) and cigarette smoking
- * include exercise daily, 15 minutes per day of sunlight, and a diet rich in nutrients

1. Q... GO VEGAN! ☺

information derived from Mike Ewall's pamphlet "Bovine Growth Hormone: Milk Does Nobody Good"; "Milk: No Longer Recommended or Required" by the Physicians Committee for Responsible Medicine; and Cooking Vegetarian by Losoch Forest and Vesanto Melina

RICE AND BEANS

Vegan Nutrition for Everyone.

Omega-3 Fatty Acids:
1 Tbsp. canola oil, 1 tsp. flaxseed oil, 6 oz. firm tofu,
1/4 cup walnuts

Vitamin D:
fortified breakfast cereals/veggie burgers/soy milk,
red star vegetarian support nutritional yeast

RICE AND BEANS

get some sun. 10-15 minutes for lighter skinned people,
1/2 hour for darker skinned people.

The Dairy Alternatives Group: 4 - 6 servings daily

1 cup cooked/2 cups raw broccoli, kale, okra; fortified beverage:
(i.e. SOY MILK), tofu, etc; 3-4 Tbsp. almond butter; 5 figs; 1
Tbsp. blackstrap molasses; 1 cup cooked black or white beans

Beans and Alternatives Group: 2 - 3 servings daily

1 cup cooked beans, peas, or lentils; 1/2 cup firm tofu or tempeh; 1
veggie burger; 1/4 cup nuts, seeds, or their butters; 2 cups soy milk

Vegetables Group: 3 - 5 servings daily

1/2 cup fresh, frozen, or cooked vegetable; 1 medium vegetable; 1
cup salad; 3/4 cup vegetable juice

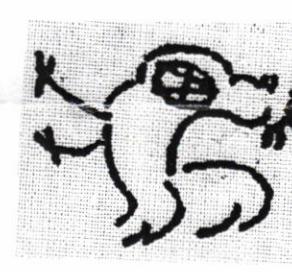
Fruits Group: 2 - 4 servings daily

1/2 cup fresh, frozen, or cooked fruit; 3/4 cups fruit juice; 1/4 cup
dried fruit

Bread (riot), Cereals, Grains, and Pasta Group:

6 - 11 servings daily

1 slice bread, small roll, biscuit, tortilla, etc.; bagel, pita bread,
English muffin; 1/2 cup oatmeal; 1 oz. cold cereal; 2 Tbsp. wheat
germ; 1/2 cup cooked grain or pasta; 1 small pancake, waffle,
muffin; 2 large crackers



THE REVOLUTION

This information was tailored from Vesanto Melina and Joseph Forest's brilliant cookbook Cooking Vegetarian